

VOL. 4 NO. 10

JANUARY, 1945

Shadow

COMICS



10¢

A GROUP OF MODERN CRIMINALS
APPLIED THE LEGEND OF
THE HYDRA
TO THEIR OWN EVIL WAYS
THE SHADOW
PROVES TO THEM THAT
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"



Dale is Right

...and This Book will Teach You in 5 Days...or NO COST!

IF YOU CAN DO THIS STEP—YOU CAN DANCE IN 5 DAYS



Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Chock full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions

★ ★ ★

LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS, INCLUDING RHUMBA, SAMBA, CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT and WALTZ!

Take a tip from Dale Evans, talented young dancing star of Republic Pictures. Let dancing open the door to Romance and Happiness for you! Don't let others have all the fun while life passes you by. Be popular... have dates every night instead of sitting alone feeling sorry for yourself!

EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours... give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

MAKE THIS TEST!

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rhumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance. If you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books Free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay postman when *All Three Books* are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember — if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

1790 Broadway, Dept. 8310H, New York 19, N.Y.

Send me by return mail, in plain wrapper "Dancing," by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books, "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

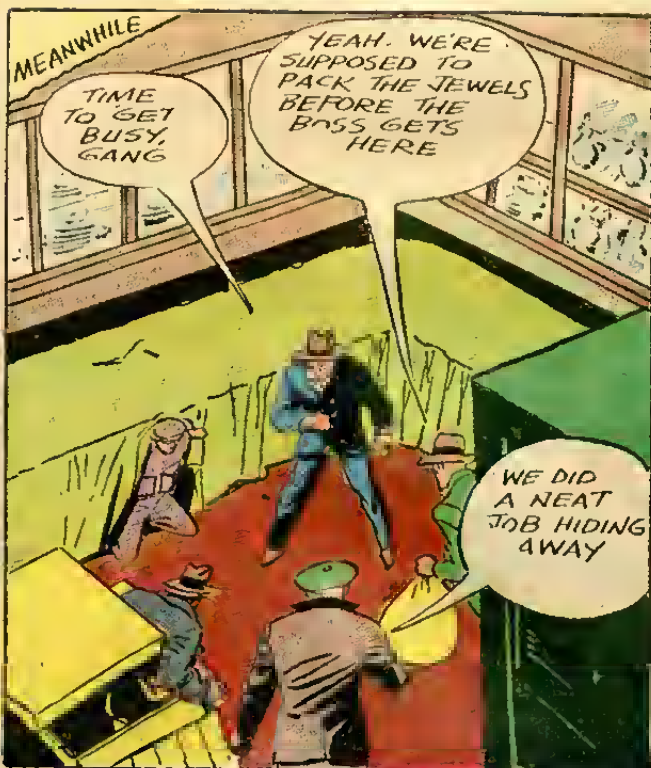
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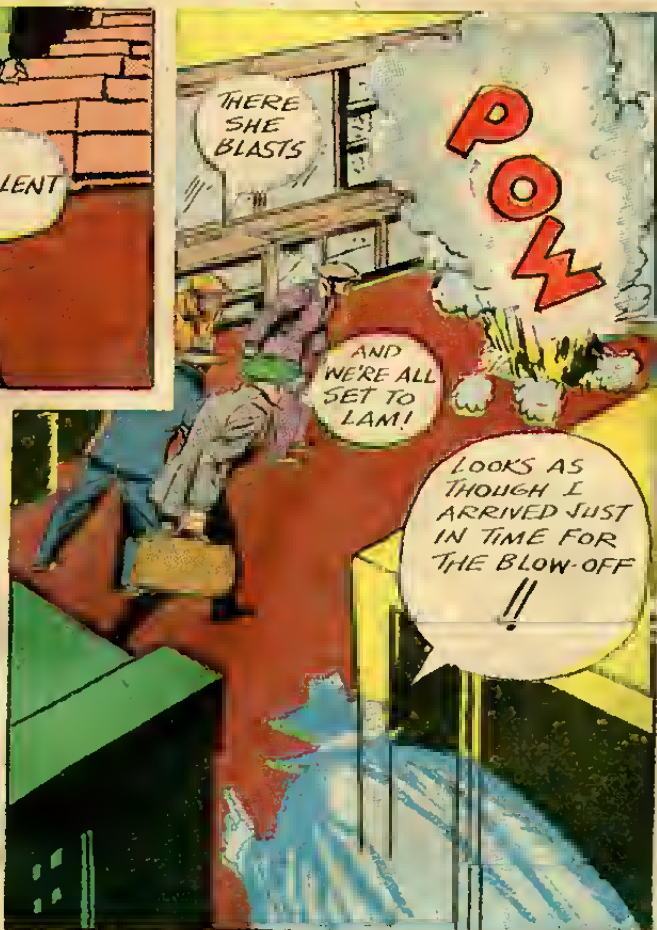
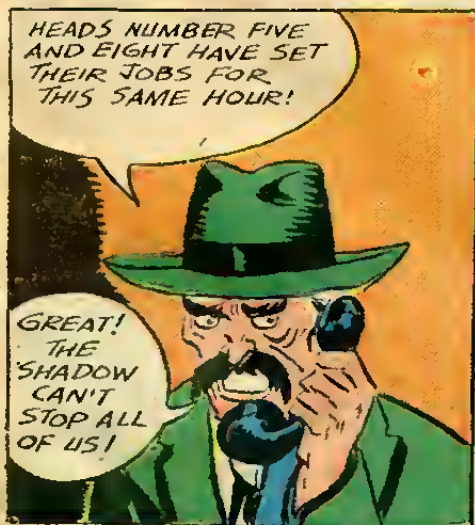
The Shadow Conquers THE HYDRA!

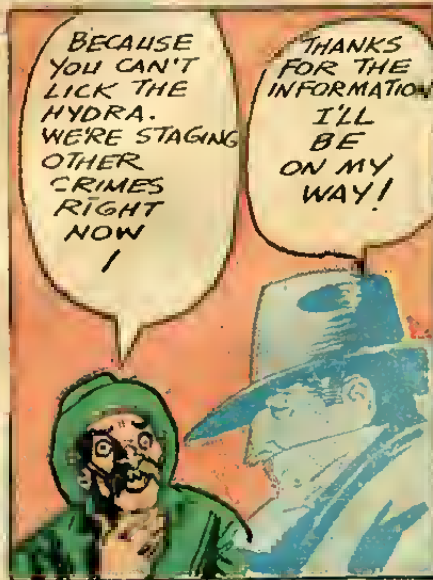






DOWN BENEATH THE JEWELRY STORE





THE OLD UNITED NATIONAL BANK IS MOVING ITS FUNDS TONIGHT! THAT MAY BE THE NEXT TARGET. I'LL GO THERE!

WITH ONE HYDRA HEAD ELIMINATED THE SHADOW TAKES QUICK MEASURES TO LIQUIDATE MORE...

UNITED NATIONAL BANK

EASY WITH THIS BOX I IT HOLDS ABOUT FIVE MILLION BUCKS!

JUST IN TIME..

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?

STICK 'EM UP!

WE'RE TAKING OVER!

...AND IN THE NICK OF IT!

THE SHADOW!

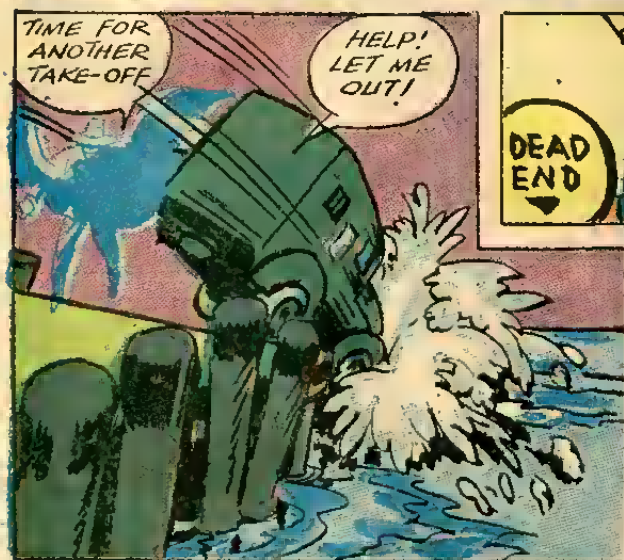
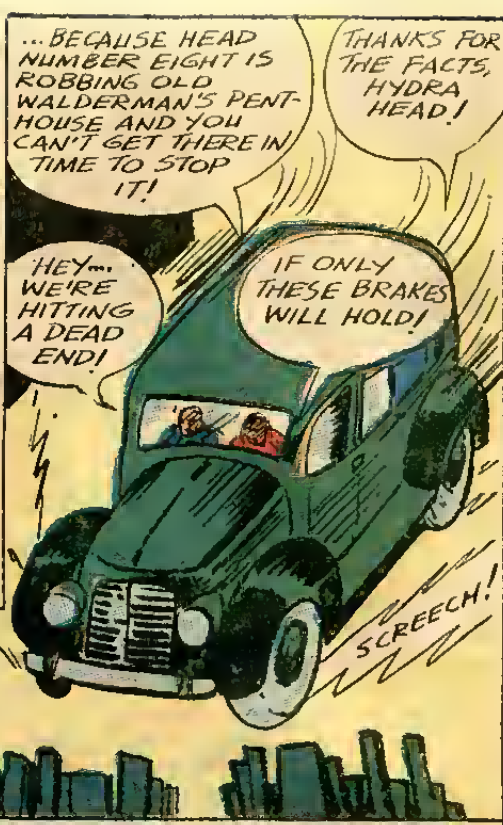
GET THIS TRUCK STARTED!

SO YOU'RE ANOTHER OF THOSE HYDRA HEADS!

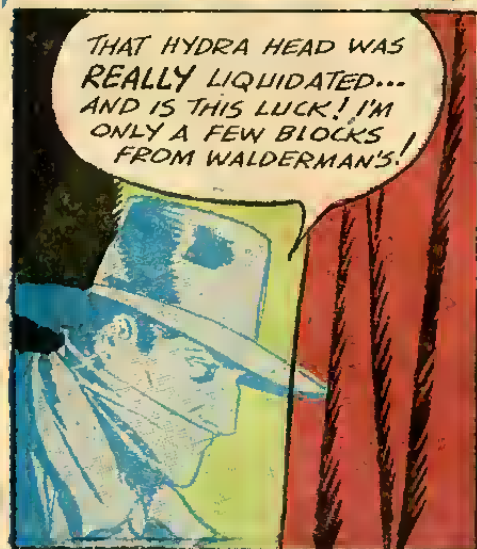
WHOEVER THAT GUY WAS, HE PITCHED THOSE THUGS OUT!

PITCHED 'EM OUT MONEY AND ALL!

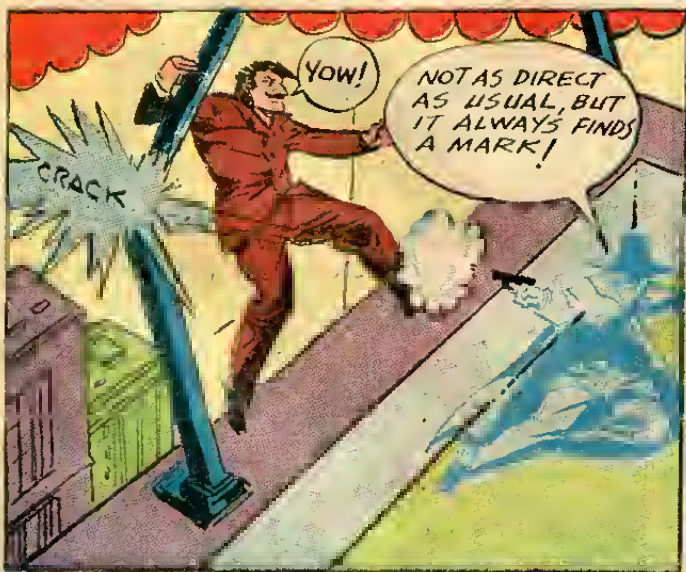
AWAY IN THE SPEEDING TRUCK, THE SHADOW FIGHTS IT OUT WITH THE HYDRA HEAD..



ON THE PROMENADE OF WALDERMAN'S PENT-HOUSE, HYDRA HEAD NUMBER EIGHT IS STAGING SUPERCRIME WHEN...



AGAIN,
THE
SHADOW
LAUNCHES
AN
ATTACK
AGAINST
A
VICIOUS
HYDRA
HEAD
AND
A
BAND
OF
ACCOMPANY-
ING
THUGS...



NEXT DAY

[The EVENING @ CLASSIC]

**SHADOW STRIKES
DOWN CRIME....**
THREE MASTER CROOKS
MEET DOOM WHILE
BATTLING SUPERFOE

MEANWHILE

WELL,
CRANSTON,
YOUR
FRIEND
THE SHADOW
CERTAINLY
ABOLISHED
CRIME
LAST
NIGHT!

BUT, THERE'S
MORE COMING,
COMMISSIONER.
THE RINGLEADERS
WEREN'T ORDINARY
CRIMINALS.
THEY WERE
MEN OF
SUPPOSEDLY
GOOD
REPUTE...



AND SO... THAT EVENING...

YOU WERE
RIGHT, LAMONT!
MORE CRIME
IS POPPING!
THERE GOES
A POLICE
CAR...

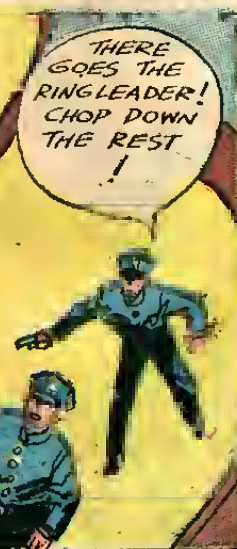
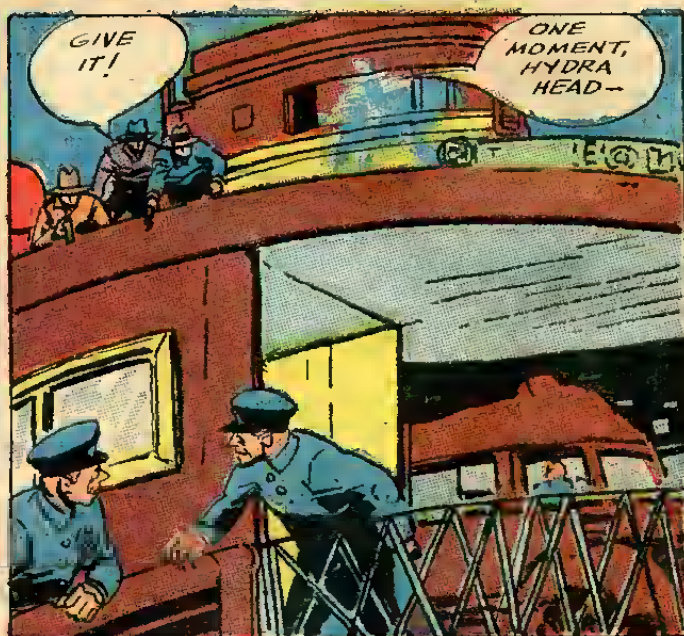
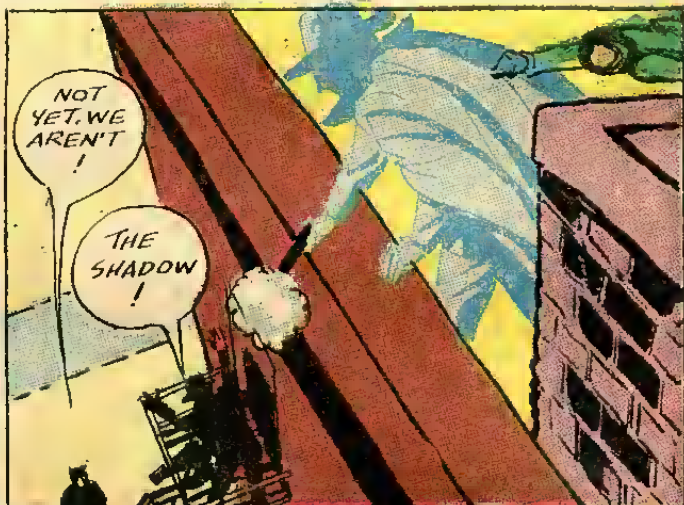
...AND
HERE'S SHREVEY'S
CAB! WE'RE
HOPPING TO
THE CHASE

BANG,
BANG!

WASSCOODOWWWW!

LET'S
GO,
BOSS!





DURING THAT NIGHT OF RAMPANT CRIME, THE SHADOW AND THE POLICE ELIMINATE TEN HYDRA HEADS!!! ONLY TWO REMAIN... BUT THEY ARE TOO MANY!!!

TEN OUT OF TWELVE! THAT OUGHT TO DISCOURAGE THE REST, CRANSTON!

I'M AFRAID IT WON'T, COMMISSIONER, BECAUSE...

YES, THIS IS COMMISSIONER WESTON

PHONE CALL FOR YOU COMMISSIONER

I AM A HYDRA HEAD! FOR THE TEN LOPPED OFF LAST NIGHT, THERE ARE NOW TWENTY MORE, PREPARED TO MAKE CRIME PAY!

TWENTY-TWO CRIMES TO COME! HOW CAN WE STOP THEM, CRANSTON?

WED BETTER LEAVE THAT TO THE SHADOW!

I'LL SAY!

WELL, LAMONT, HOW IS YOUR OTHER SELF GOING TO HANDLE THIS CASE?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY, MARGO. THAT'S TO FIND WHERE THE HYDRA HEADS MEET!

NOTICED ANY UNUSUAL CABS AROUND LATELY?

YEAH, BOSS. THERE'S A NEW FLOCK CALLED CLOVER CABS...

THAT'S ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW, SHREVVY. SEE YOU TOMORROW, MARGO

BUT... BUT I JUST DON'T GET IT!

WAIT! I'VE GOT IT NOW! WITH SO MANY HYDRA HEADS, THEY'D NEED THEIR OWN CABS TO REACH THE MEETING PLACE. I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS CLOVER CAB BUSINESS MYSELF!

THAT EVENING

THERE'S A
CLOVER CAB
AT LAST!
TAXI!

OK,
LADY

THIS DRIVER IS
GOING SOMEWHERE
WITHOUT MY TELLING
HIM. I'M ON THE
RIGHT TRACK!

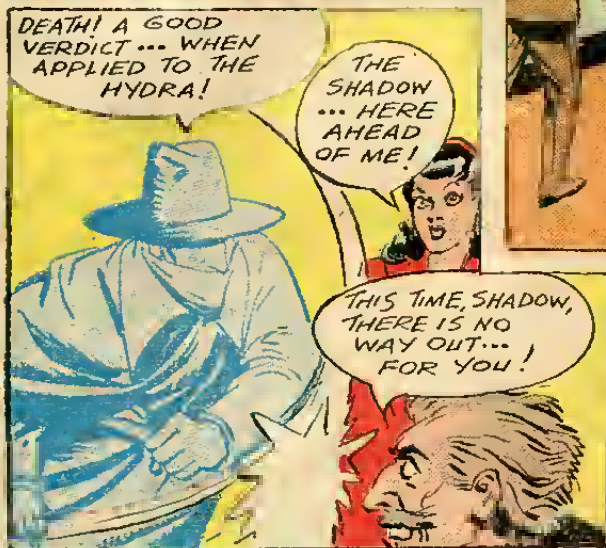
CLOVER
CAB

IS THIS
WHERE
I GET
OUT?

NOT YET,
LADY. JUST
WAIT!

WHY-WHY,
THE WHOLE
FRONT OF THE
HOUSE IS LIFTING!
IT'S ONLY A
DUMMY WALL,
HIDING AN
ALLEY...

...AND NOW I'M GOING
TO MEET THE HYDRA
WITH ALL ITS HEADS...
AND THERE'S NO
WAY OUT OF IT!









































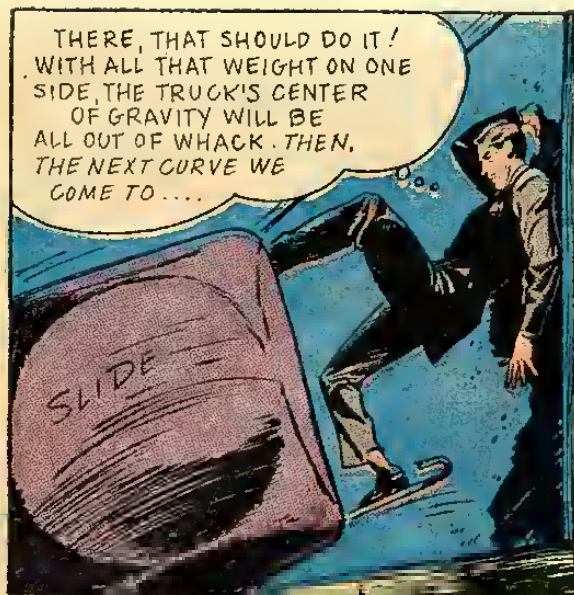












THAT'S ABOUT ALL THERE WAS TO IT CHICK. IT WAS REALLY A VERY CLEVER IDEA. THE ART LOVER PLANTED THE IDEA THAT HE WAS JUST A VANDAL. THEN, COVERED BY THE DUPLICATE BROKEN NEEDLE, OR OBELISK, HE WAS SURE NO ONE WOULD EVEN SUSPECT THEFT. THE OBELISK WOULD HAVE GONE TO A RICH, UNSCRUPULOUS ART COLLECTOR AND A PERFECT CRIME WOULD HAVE BEEN COMMITTED. GET THE WAR OVER WITH QUICK SO YOU CAN COME HOME

BEST....NICK

I DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG....



INTO STEAMING JUNGLES

—go Blackstone and Rhoda. Into the mysterious mahogany camp, mysterious men have insinuated their poisonous plans... And all around, the enemies of man—including the dread anaconda—waited...

You'll thrill to this new Blackstone adventure in the January issue of

SUPER-MAGICIAN COMICS

NOW ON SALE

Inner Circle



NICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE THE SMALLEST SEALED ROOM!

When Sue and Beef came into the room where the Inner Circle met they were surprised to find that Nick Carter was already there. He was reading a letter and his brow was furrowed in concentration. Sue could see even from a distance that the envelope of the letter had no stamp on it. She leaped to a correct conclusion.

"Is that a letter from Chick?" she asked.

Nick looked up from the letter and smilingly nodded. "Yes", he said, "Chick has propounded a problem." Nick frowned at the letter. "I figured I had better figure it out before all you Inner Circle members got here. But right now I must confess that I am baffled."

As Nick gave the letter to Sue some more members filtered in. Sue raced through the part of the letter that had to do with the fact that Chick was getting along swimmingly as an Air Cadet and then she read carefully the part of the letter that said, 'a funny thing happened here the other day. Nick. I doped it out luckily, or there might have been a little trouble. I thought maybe you and the members might have some fun figuring it out. Here's what happened. . . .'

It seemed that a defense factory near where Chick was stationed had sent in a sealed bid on a contract. The war contract was for a mere matter of a multi-million dollar order. The lowest bid that was entered was to be awarded the contract. This is a method which is often used. A board of judges opens the sealed bids and checks the bids. The strange thing was that the sealed bid sent in from the factory near Chick was and this was the amazing part, a dollar less than any of the other bids!

One bid was for 6 million dollars, another was for five and a half million. The next to

the last bid was for 4,999,980 dollars. The last one sent in by Ace, the company near Chick, was for \$4,999,979!

Naturally Ace got the contract. But there was a lot of hard feeling among the bidders, for they could not understand how come Ace was able to under-bid by a dollar. There were muttered words about commercial spies and there were rumors of trouble brewing. They back tracked to see where some kind of substitution might have been made, but the sealed bids had been sent through the mail. The judges were all well known men and couldn't be smirched by being accused of having switched in a bid at the last moment. As a matter of fact it was one of the judges who asked Chick to see if he could clear up the mess because he wanted his name cleared.



Beef had been reading the letter over Sue's shoulder. "Wouldn't you know," he said, "that even in the Air Cadets, Chick would be able to run up against an impossible situation!"

All the rest of the members were on deck by this time. Nick looked at them and said, "Up to now I've been the one to tell you how I solved a case. Here's one. . . ."

He explained the circumstances. "Any ideas?" he asked when he had finished.

While he had been speaking Beef had not been idle. Beef raised his hand. "I

think I have a solution," he said. He walked up to Nick with an envelope in his hand.

"You have the floor, maestro!" said Nick smilingly.



"Let's pretend," said Beef "that this is the sealed bid. Inside this envelope is a piece of paper on which I have written a number between one and twenty. I'll bet that no matter what anyone calls out, the number I have written is one less than that number which they call!" Beef turned to Nick. "That's pretty close to the conditions isn't it?"

Nick looked puzzled for a moment then smiled and said, "I think I get your angle. Go ahead, anyone call out a number!"

Beef held the envelope up over his head while the members looked at each other. Finally, Sue said, "I say 17!"

Beef grinned in a cock-sure manner. He handed the envelope to Sue. She opened it.

Sue looked startled. "I . . . I don't believe it! Written on the paper is '16 is one less isn't it?'"

Everyone looked at Beef. He took the envelope from Sue. He turned the envelope inside out. Sue realized instantly how she had been fooled. For, on the inside of the envelope, Beef had glued a piece of carbon paper.

"You stinker!" said Sue. "You tricked me! You had written on the piece of paper. . . 'is one less isn't it?' Then when I called out my number you used your nail and scratched on the outside of the envelope, over the empty space, 16. The carbon paper transferred the number onto the paper!"

"Pretty good, huh?" Asked Beef. "I learned that one from a comic magazine! Supermagician. Blackstone explained it as one of his tricks!" Beef was jubilant. He had finally out-thought the great Nick Carter.

Beef turned to Nick. "What do you think, Mr. Carter?"

"It's very ingenious, Beef," Nick said, "but I'm afraid it doesn't fit the conditions. Your idea, I gather, is that someone, a secretary let's say, who was at the meeting of the judges was the one to handle the envelopes and that he scratched the lowest bid on the surface of the envelope before he handed it to the judges?"

"That's it!" said Beef proudly with his chest stuck out like a pouter pigeon.

"But," said Nick, "Chick said that the judges opened the envelopes. It would be too dangerous to leave the evidence, the carbon paper, inside the envelope where any of the judges might find it!"

Beef started to deflate. His chest fell down where it belonged, below his belt.

"And besides," said Nick, "Chick said in a p.s. that there was no carbon paper used. I guess he figured that carbon was the first thing we'd think of. No, we have to think harder than that."

"Let's get this straight," said Sue. "We'll, assume that Beef is on the right track. That there was someone in the room who managed to somehow do the dirty work."

Nick nodded yes. "That's a fair assumption on what evidence we have. Chick also says in his p.s. that there was no switch of envelopes. Somehow, the guilty party managed to write in the lowest figure, after he had heard what price it was that he had to beat."

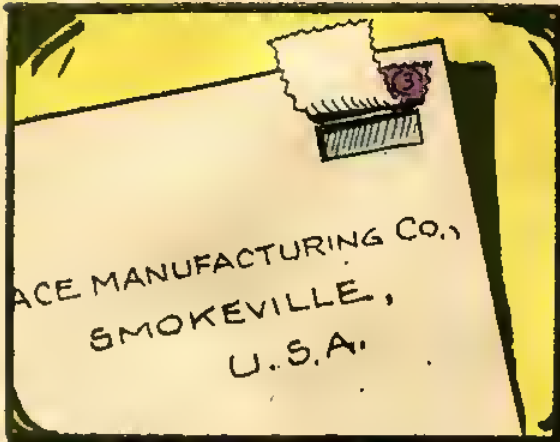
Sue said, "You know, Mr. Carter, this reminds me of what you call 'a sealed room mystery.' You remember, the case where a man was found murdered inside a room where the door was locked on the inside and there were no windows in the room!"

"That's a good parallel," Nick said, "the envelope is the room. The sealed flap on the envelope is like the door locked on the inside. Instead of a murder under impossible conditions we have a number written under. . . ."

Nick's voice trailed off. He looked thoughtful.

Suddenly he smiled. He snapped his fingers jubilantly. "You gave me the clue, Sue!" he said, "The first thing that any policeman looks for in a sealed room mystery is whether or not there is a trap door in the room! Well, there is a trap door in this envelope we have been worrying about!"

The members all looked at each other in startled astonishment. Sue particularly, looked baffled.



"That's fine!" She said in a disgruntled voice. "I give him the clue that let's him solve it and I don't know what the solution is!"

Nick looked like the cat that ate the canary. "There is one logical place and only one for a trap door in an envelope!" he said. "Figure out where that is and you'll have the case solved!"

Beef picked up an envelope and looked at it. "Trap door! In an envelope! Wouldn't that throw you for a loss!"

He chewed on a piece of candy and looked dreamily off into the distance. Suddenly, he leaped to his feet.

"Umphlgug!" he said.

"You don't say so!" said Nick. "Won't you tell us more, Beef? Of course it might help if you swallowed some of that candy first."

Beef got red in the face as he gulped down the candy. In a strangled voice he said, "I got it! Look!" He held up an envelope. He pointed to the flap which you seal. "Suppose," he said "that instead of ordinary glue, you used rubber cement

to fasten the flap with! That'd mean that the crook could peel the flap back, make the required figure and press the flap back in place all without licking the envelope's flap. Because rubber cement stays tacky for days!"

"You're improving!" Nick nodded approvingly. "But that would mean an awful lot of movement for the person who was doing all that. No the trap door is not the flap! It's so obvious that I think you are forgetting it! For instance, the envelope which you've been waving in the air doesn't have the trap in it because it wasn't mailed!"

That did it. Sue was on her feet. "Of course," she said, "the stamp! It's perfect!"

At this moment, Mr. Pettigrew, the mailman, entered the room. He held an envelope in his hand.

"Special delivery," he said, "for a Mr. Carter."

Nick took it from him and signed for it. He opened the special and inside it was another envelope. Scribbled across this inside envelope in Chick's handwriting was... "Here's the evidence. Keep it for the crime museum, will you Nick?"

All the members hurried to Nick's side as he said, "Here is the potential trap door in every envelope."

He flicked the canceled stamp on the envelope. It lifted, showing that the paper under the stamp had been cut away. The stamp was larger than the hole so that the stamp hid it.

"Get it now?" Asked Nick.

"Sure," said Beef disgusted at not having thought of it before. "The crook folded the contract so that the space for the missing numbers was right under the 'trap door.' Then when the bids were read out all he did was lift up the stamp write in the number and hand the sealed letter to the judges! What a gag! It's a honey!"

On that note, the meeting ended.

As they left, Nick called out, "Next meeting will be a honey, too! I'm going to tell you about..."

We won't tell you what it is, but you can trust Nick to have a baffling case on hand. Don't you miss it. None of the other members will!

The Shadow

And The
RIDDLE
of the
"MANGING
SKELETON!"



TELL ME MORE
ABOUT THE
CRUXTON
FAMILY,
LAMONT—

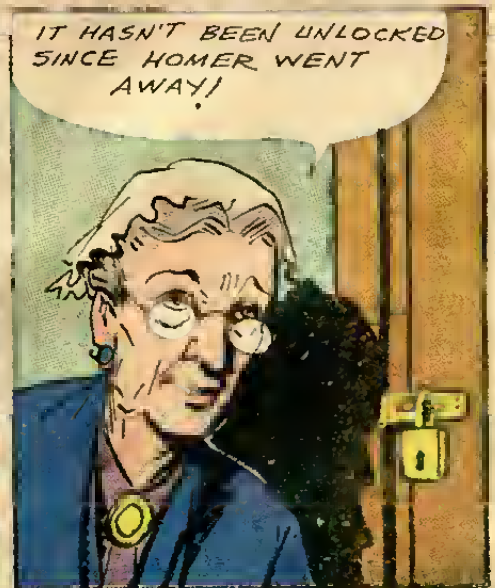
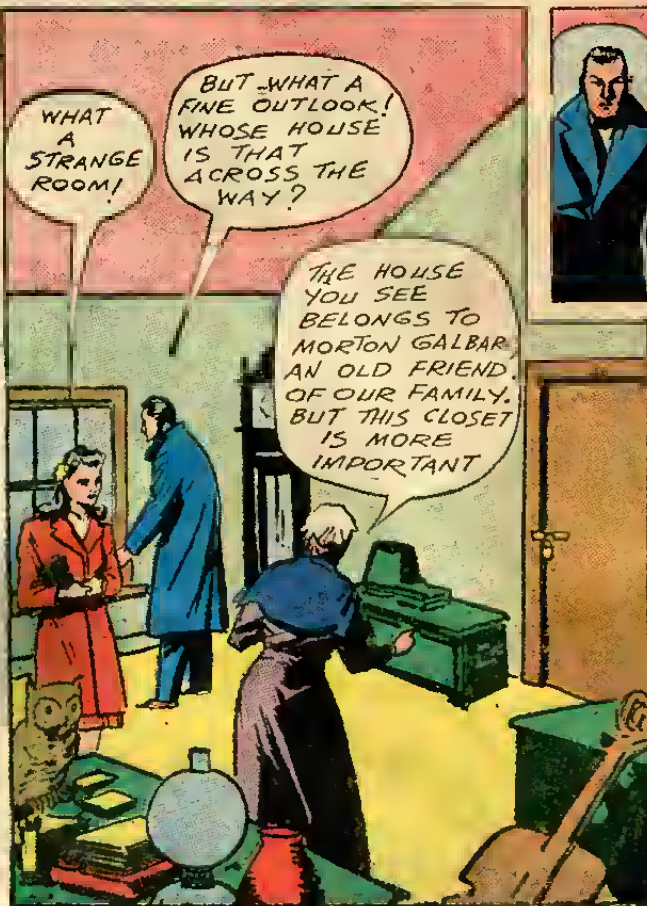
WELL, MARGO,
THE TWO
TWIN BROTHERS,
HORACE AND
HOMER,
DISAPPEARED
TWENTY YEARS
AGO—



—AND THEIR
SISTER, ATHELIA,
HAS JUST LEARNED
THAT HOMER IS
RETURNING TO THE
OLD HOMESTEAD,
WHICH YOU NOW
SEE BEFORE
YOU!

WHAT
A
WEIRD
PLACE!





MEANWHILE...

VISITORS
AT THE
CRUXTONS,
MR.
GALBARD

WELL,
WELL!
WE'LL HAVE
TO STOP
OVER AND
MEET
ATHELIA'S
FRIENDS!



HELLO,
ATHELIA
!

WHY, MORTON!
WE WERE JUST
TALKING
ABOUT YOU!



MR. CRANSTON
WAS ASKING
ABOUT YOUR
HOUSE...

BUT MISS ATHELIA
WAS MENTIONING
THIS LOCKED
CLOSET, WHICH
INTERESTS ME A
GREAT DEAL
MORE



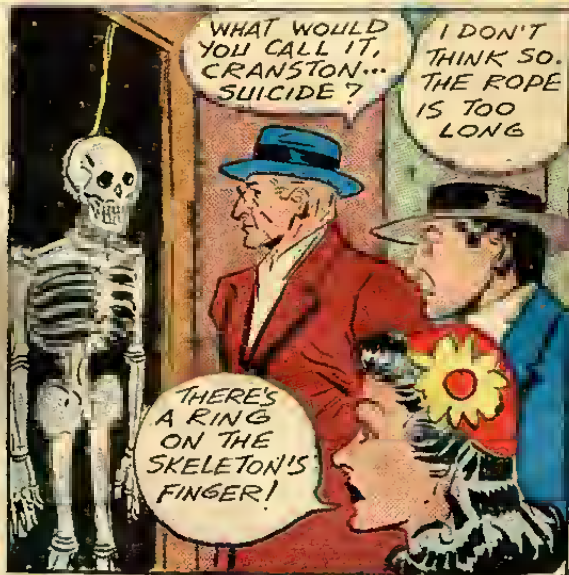
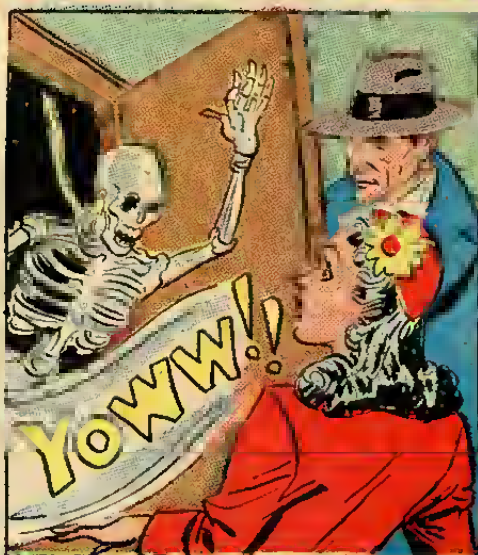
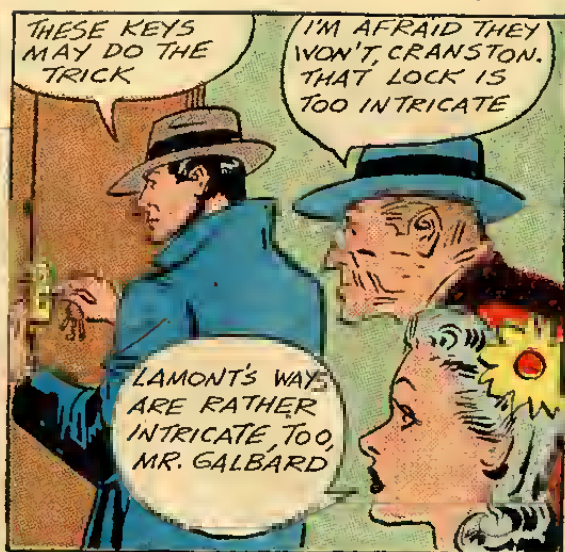
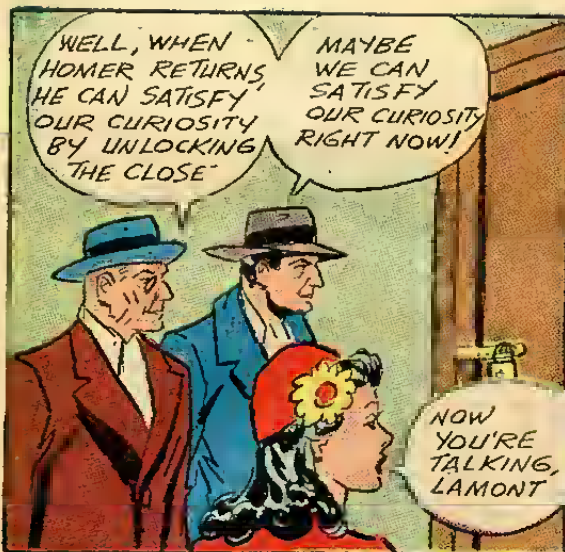
YES, THAT
CLOSET IS
SOMETHING
OF A
MYSTERY

WELL, MORTON,
SUPPOSE YOU
DISCUSS THE
MYSTERY WITH
MR. CRANSTON
WHILE I ARRANGE
FOR DINNER

GLADLY,
ATHELIA



THIS
MAY GET
US
SOME-
WHERE





AND WITH THAT NIGHT SETTLES ABOVE THE TWO MANSIONS. THICK DARK NIGHT THAT SHROUDS MYSTERY WITH IT!!!



AND WITH THAT NIGHT, CRANSTON PREPARES FOR A STRANGE VIGIL AS THE SHADOW.. WHILE MARGO MAINTAINS STRICT SILENCE...



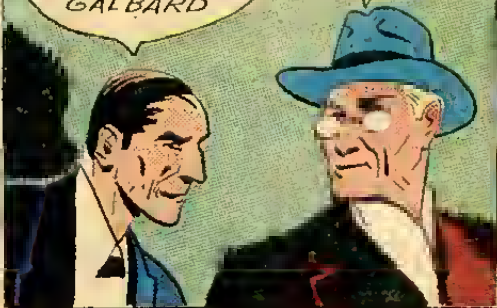
SOON, THE SHADOW RETURNS FROM A BRIEF TRIP TO HOMER'S ROOM...



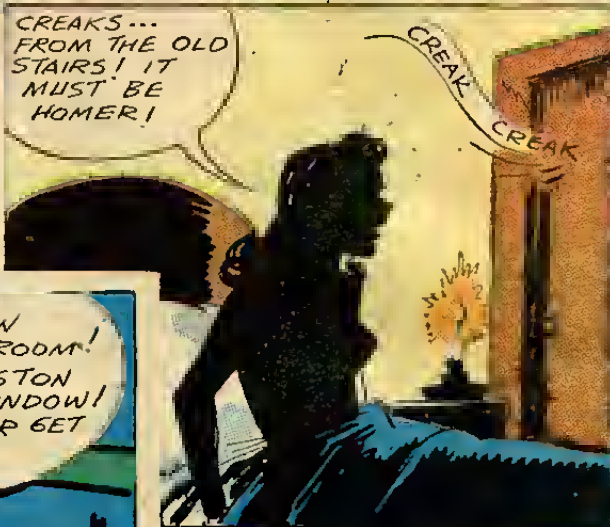
MEANWHILE!

NO LIGHTS
HAVE SHOWN
IN THE CRUXTON
MANSION, MR.
GALBARD

VERY WELL.
YOU MAY
RETIRE,
RAMSWOOD



CREAKS...
FROM THE OLD
STAIRS! IT
MUST BE
HOMER!



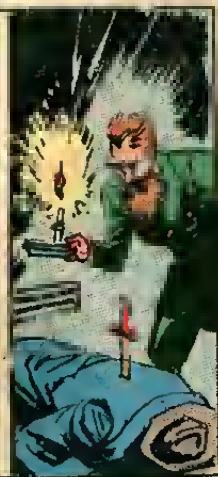
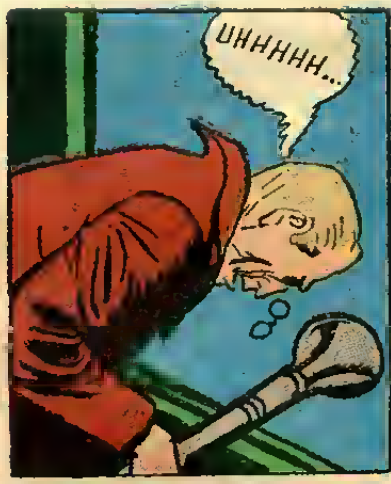
AND MEANWHILE...
AT GALBARD'S....

A LIGHT IN
HOMER'S ROOM!
AND CRANSTON
AT THE WINDOW!
I'D BETTER GET
BUSY!



I'D BETTER TRAIL
ALONG IN CASE
LAMONT NEEDS
ASSISTANCE!





AND NOW, REVERTING TO THE GUISE OF CRANSTON, THE SHADOW UNRAVELS THE DETAILS OF THE MYSTERY....

WHY... WHY IT'S ONLY A DUMMY FIGURE

YES, MARGO. I RIGGED IT PURPOSELY. HOMER THOUGHT YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE

I ONLY CAME BACK TO GET THE MONEY THAT HORACE AND I KEPT IN THE CLOSET

FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE LOOKED FOR HORACE. FINALLY I GAVE UP

NO WONDER, HOMER. HE'S BEEN HANGING HERE THOSE TWENTY YEARS. WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER OVER AT GALBARD'S

I WAS THE PERSON WHO KNOCKED OUT GALBARD. BUT I LET HIM FIRE A SHOT AT THE DUMMY FIRST

WHY, THIS IS A HIGH-POWER AIR-GUN!

THAT'S RIGHT. GALBARD MURDERED HORACE AND TOOK THE MONEY. HE TRIED TO MURDER ME AT LONG RANGE SO YOU'D BE BLAMED, HOMER

AND YOU HUNG HORACE'S BODY IN THE CLOSET!

YES, TWENTY YEARS AGO. I CONFESS ALL. THE MONEY IS IN MY CELLAR

AND WON'T ATHELIA BE SURPRISED!

AND IT'S FITTED TO FIRE A KNIFE!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPORT —BASKETBALL!

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Completely illustrated in color . . . plus other great sports features, in

TRUE SPORT PICTURE-STORIES

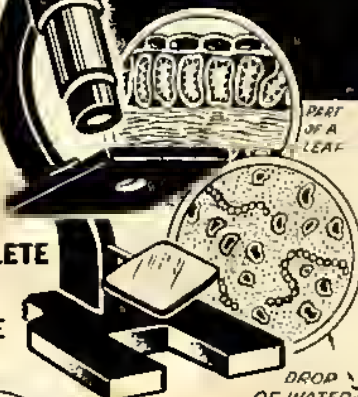
NOW ON SALE



FREE 150 POWER MICROSCOPE

with this offer

**COMPLETE
READY
TO USE**



PART
OF A
LEAF

DROP
OF WATER
MAGNIFIED



FLY'S FOOT



DRAGON FLY'S
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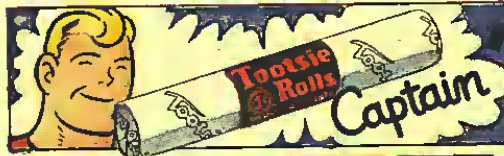
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